# Wordplay

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10641039.

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| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Fluff, Cute, Hannibal Loves Will, Will Loves Hannibal, Crossword Puzzles, Inspired by Poetry, Love Poems, Poetry, mentions of safe words |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 11 of Fluffy Murder Husbands |
| Stats: | Published: 2017-04-16 Words: 1,619 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Wordplay

by harleygirl2648

Summary

A little bit of love, irritation, and crosswords.

Notes

Just wanted to crank out a cute little thing while working on a bigger piece, hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will had never truly considered what life with Hannibal would be like. It had taken so many years to even get this far, and it had been a very much literal leap into the dark. He had expected it to be a lot of pushing and pulling at each other, as that had been their relationship all this time. He assumed their lives together would be constant fighting and always a minute away from snapping and killing the other.

If you had told Will that their relationship would get to the point where he was doing a crossword on the couch in too-expensive jeans as a frustrated Hannibal fretted in the kitchen as he continued to argue politely with the harpsichord seller on the phone, Will would have laughed at the absurdity.

And yet here they were.

“What’s a five letter word for ‘pleasure of the highest caliber?” Will calls over his shoulder, trying to hold back a laugh as Hannibal’s jaw clenches and unclenches as he listened to the drivel coming through the phone.

“Death,” was his short reply as he cupped a hand over the speaker, turning back to almost slam the fridge door closed. Will couldn't stop the laugh this time, and it was loud enough that he got a signature not-glare from Hannibal as he finished his conversation and roughly set the phone down on the counter. Will filled in another word.

“Incorrect, the word was ‘bliss’, there was already an ‘i’ in there,” he said, keeping the smile in his voice as Hannibal adjusted his sleeve before walking over to where Will was sitting on the couch. He placed his hands on the couch just behind Will and nuzzled against his neck.

“I think I was still correct,” he purred. *“Ardor,* that’s a much better word.”

“It doesn't fit in the blanks, doctor, don’t you do crosswords?” Will teased, leaning back to allow Hannibal better access, sighing as he nosed against the small bite mark from the previous night.

*“What’s your word, Will?” Hannibal asks as he tightens the ropes around Will’s wrists. It was his turn, Will had been in charge last Sunday that led to Hannibal needing a higher collar and longer sleeves on his shirt to avoid unwanted questions in class. Will smirks, baring teeth.*

***“God.** I feel like a challenge.”*

*He enjoys with satisfaction how the rope suddenly tightens enough to nearly cut off circulation before going a little slack. “You will be the death of me.”*

*“I hope so. Get over here.”*

*“You are not in control this evening, Will.”*

*“Oh, but I **am,** doctor. Come here.”*

Will turns his head, gently bumping foreheads with Hannibal and they both laugh a little before Hannibal strokes the bite on his neck before they share a languid kiss. And it’s almost as though they are a normal, everyday couple who don’t have skeletons in the closet or ropes under the bed, just sharing a moment of quiet intimacy. Will plays with the strands of gray hair at the base of Hannibal’s neck and smiles at the purr he gets in return. When they break away, Hannibal is smiling, a real smile that would seem foreign a year ago.

“Beautiful,” he said, resting his forehead against Will’s and moving in for another kiss when the phone rings again. Will laughed as murder clouded Hannibal’s expression as he forced himself to stand up and answer the call. He listened as Hannibal is just barely keeping annoyance out of his tone as he informs the deliveryman for the third time that he wants the harpsichord delivered Friday afternoon, as his *husband* (Will can hear the gloat in his voice) will be home to sign off for the package.

Another word for romantic partner, nine letters.

"Otherhalf″

Thank *God* it wasn't 'betterhalf.'

Again, the phone is hung up with more force than necessary, and Hannibal huffs out an annoyed breath before going back to the couch, resting a hand on Will’s shoulder.

“Will, would you care to accompany me to the bookstore to pick up my order?”

“If it gets you to smile again, don't need to get your panties in a twist,” Will smirks as he gets up, carelessly tossing the crossword onto the floor and snorting as Hannibal’s upper lip twitches. “I finished it, anyway.”

“I’ll buy you a book of them.”

“What a Casanova you are. Let me get my shoes.”

Will walks up and down the aisles, perusing the selections. Hannibal told him that he was going to browse as the owner wrapped up his previous purchases, and he would be welcome to pick out a few books for himself.

Will debates getting a cheap thriller novel for the weary, why-did-I-fall-in-love-with-you look on Hannibal's face that he is becoming incredibly fond of. But cheap thrills are just that when you can have the real thing on a semi-regular basis.

He finds himself looking at a cabinet of old hardcovers with elaborate cover pages, and he finds a complete collection of Edgar Allan Poe. He removes the book and tucks it under his arm and goes back to front, setting it on the counter with Hannibal's other selections, smiling as he notices a collection of crosswords on top of an ancient-looking Carmen libretto. Hannibal looks at Will's choice in literature.

"I did not know you were a fan of Poe's work."

"It's not as snooty as your choice in poetry, but I like it," Will shrugs, slipping his hand into Hannibal's.

"My choices in poetry-"

"Are either long-winded Byron or Dante, or your own works, which are lovely, but sometimes you need something direct, dear," Will smiles as he feels a squeeze on his hand.

It has been a trying day for Hannibal.

First, he spilled coffee this morning, making him late for work as he had to change. Secondly, he received a call at work that his harpsichord varnish needed to be redone and it would be another week before the delivery, but *he didn't mind, did he?* Thirdly, the veal was underdone in his lunch. And lastly, he was forced to sit through a meeting that went a half hour overtime, making him late to get home. He practically stormed through the door, hanging up his coat up on the hook and heading into the kitchen to start dinner. The image of Will sprawled out on the couch, legs draped over the side as he nibbled on the edge of his pen as he did yet another crossword only slightly brightened his outlook.

"You're late," Will stated, dropping his head back against the armrest of the couch. "I was considering starvation."

"A terrible concept, considering that there is plenty of food in this house," Hannibal says crisply, making Will raise an eyebrow.

"I see. 'Evoke a feeling', six letters."

"'Madden', and coincidentally, a word that describes you perfectly," Hannibal shoots back, turning on the oven to preheat it before chopping a bell pepper hard enough to scratch the cutting board. Will laughs, pulling himself into a seating position.

"Sorry, doctor, the correct answer was 'arouse,' you're not very good at these," Will smirks, filling in the blank space. There's another loud chop. "Awww, you're in a bad mood. And you couldn't stab your way out of it, I bet."

"You are attempting to be *cute,* and it is *not* working."

Will sighs dramatically, and decides to work at the crossword for a while, all while keeping an eye on his pouting, overly dramatic husband as he prepares dinner. Hannibal seasons the roast and the lotus roots and beets before putting everything into a pan and placing it in the oven, then going about soaping down the counter. Will leans over the edge of the couch again, mischief in his eyes.

“I can cheer you up,” he offered, and gets a withering look in return. “Don’t be like that, it’s not attractive. We, actually, more like endearing-”

“Does this conversation have a purpose, Will?”

Will finally get up off of the couch to purposefully sit on the the opposite counter from where Hannibal was insistently scrubbing at a bloodstain on the granite. He moves the hair out of his face and clears his throat before starting.

*It was many and many a year ago,*

*In a kingdom by the sea,*

*That a maiden there lived whom you may know*

*By the name of Annabel Lee;*

*And this maiden she lived with no other thought*

*Than to love and be loved by me.*

Hannibal stops, then, setting down the sponge he had been using, and turning to give Will his full attention, glowing embers in his eyes. Will could laugh at how easy it is, all it takes is poetry and a soft-eyed look.

“I didn't tell you stop,” Hannibal says in a low voice, taking steps closer and closer until he is standing right in front of Will, setting his hands on opposite sides of Will’s hips, just barely touching. “I’ll say please.”

“Then say it,” Will answers back, breathing against his lips.

“Please,” Hannibal murmurs, moving back to kiss under Will’s ear. “I’ll even say pretty please.”

Will smiles, pulling him closer before whispering in his ear, “*We loved with a love that was more than love...with a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven coveted him and me.”*

Hannibal murmurs into his ear, “A puzzle for you. ‘Expect to be true’, six letters.”

Will pauses, leaning back a little to try and shake himself from his haze and answer the question, before smirking. *“Reckon.”*

“Excellent guess,” Hannibal smiles, pulling Will back into another deep kiss. “However, I was looking for *'divine.'* I've always been fond of double meanings.”

End Notes

If you all would like a real treat, please enjoy Hugh Dancy reading 'Annabel Lee' , which inspired me to write this.

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

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